

## SHIP'S OFFICER KILLS SAILOR DESPERATE FIGHT

Giant Fireman Had Him  
Down, Choking Him,  
When He Shot.

ROW IN FORECASTLE.

Slocum, a Stoker, Led His  
Mates in Battle with  
Others of Crew.

In a desperate battle, in which twenty members of the crew of the steamship "Massachusetts," of the American-Hawaiian line, moored at Pier 7, Bush's Stores, South Brooklyn, were hammering each other with crowbars and slashing with knives, James Slocum, the bully of the ship, was killed to-day by Fourth Officer Elmer H. Kerwin.

Kerwin had rushed to the assistance of a fellow-officer, who was being beaten into unconsciousness. He was down and Slocum was pounding his face with a marlin spike, when he managed to draw his revolver and send a bullet into the giant fireman's brain.

When the police arrived after the killing, the forecastle of the "Massachusetts" had the appearance of a shambles. The deck was running with blood. Of the score of the ship's crew of sixty-eight who had taken part in the battle none was unscathed, though it is not likely that any of them will die of their injuries.

**Always in a Row.**  
Slocum was the victim of an encounter of his own seeking. Ever since he joined the crew of the "Massachusetts" he has been the chief trouble-maker. He led the faction of the firemen who were constantly at war with the men in the forecastle.

Slocum and the rest of the firemen had signed for another trip around the Horn, and the "Massachusetts" was scheduled to leave port Saturday. Slocum and his gang had been allowed to make occasional visits to shore, generally returning aboard ship in a somewhat condition.

Early to-day, however, when the bully had five or six followers around him, the side they were wide awake. They had spent the night filling up on pierhead whiskey. There was red in their eyes and fire in their blood. Reaching the forecastle, where a dozen members of the crew were playing cards, Slocum started a battle without any other preliminary than setting a loose ring bolt and dashing it in the face of the boat's mate.

Then all hands gathered up every weapon available, and there began an heroic encounter. Nearly all of the firemen are giants in size, and the forecastle hands are not pigmies. Capt. Finley, in his cabin, heard the terrific fighting, but did not feel inclined to interfere. He said to First Officer Albert J. Evans: "Go out and tell those brutes to be quiet. You better have your gun handy, as they seem to be in a pretty handy mood."

**Tried to Kill Kerwin.**  
Evans had his revolver in the grip of his right hand when he entered the scene of the fight. He saw Slocum was fighting all over the forecastle deck. Before the first officer even had an opportunity to give a command he was struck behind the ear with a bludgeon and knocked down. As he fell two firemen jumped on him and took his revolver away.

With what breath was left in his body Evans yelled for help. Fourth Officer Kerwin dashed to the rescue, but he neglected to draw his gun before invading the forecastle. Slocum met him at the foot of the gangway and knocked his feet from under him.

"Now we'll kill a few of you—damn officers," roared the giant fireman, as he seized Kerwin's throat and began to strangle him. The officer in a man of great strength, and managed to free his body so as to reach his revolver. He drew this and fired blindly. The bullet struck Slocum in the mouth and crashed through his brain.

**Killing Quietest Crew.**  
He rolled over gasping and died in a minute. The tragedy served to quiet the remainder of the combatants, and by the time the reserves from the Fourth Avenue station clambered aboard the steamship order had been fully restored. Capt. Finley had remained in his cabin until after the killing.

Policeman Sobratt, whose post takes in Bush's stores, had heard from the shore side of Pier 7 the clamor of the warring sailors. There had been other fights on the ship since her landing, but this seemed to be a murderous clash. He had telephoned for the reserves and also for an ambulance from the Seney Hospital before he heard the shot that killed the bully Slocum. The man was dead when Dr. Graham arrived, but he put in a busy two hours stitching up the officers and men who had taken part in the battle.

The police arrested First Officer Evans as a witness and Fourth Officer Kerwin on a technical charge of homicide. The following members of the crew were also taken into custody and later arraigned in the Butler Street Court: Michael Kendrick, John Buck, James Brokaw, John Smith, Harry, Charles Doyle and James Murphy.

**Trouble on Tuesday Night.**  
The night before last the police of the Fourth Avenue station were appealed to by Daniel Miller, a negro fireman, for protection against Slocum and his gang. Miller received an advance of \$5 from the captain and yesterday Slocum pulled him into spending \$25 of it on whiskey. The black man sneaked away from the police station and was not seen again.

When his disappearance was noted George Rogers and Peter Pragerman, friends of Slocum, had a negro fireman, beat him and robbed him of all he had. Miller then went to the Fourth Avenue station and made a complaint. Rogers and Pragerman were arrested and looked up. When the gang returned to the ship, they were met by the police and taken to the station.

## FATHER DIES A MARTYR WHILE FAMILY STARVES; EVENING WORLD AIDS

Devotion to Wife and Baby  
Wore Out Nicholas  
McDermott.

DIES GOING TO WORK.

Having Gone Without Food for  
Sake of Children, His Strength  
Was Gone.

It meant added cares to poor Nicholas McDermott—poor in pocket and poor in health—when a new baby came into the McDermott fold at No. 321 East Sixtieth street, a week ago. Nicholas had managed, by curtailing his tobacco, doing without a pair of promised shoes and walking to and from his work, to save enough to pay the doctor's fees when the event happened. But who would take care of the "missus" and she was strong enough to resume her household duties was a perplexing problem to Nick.

He concluded to do the nursing of the other little ones in the family himself, so he asked the boss of the big excavation job at the Grand Central Station to "leave him off for a week." The boss reluctantly consented and then along came the baby.

At 7 o'clock last night Nick wearily left home to resume work. Mrs. McDermott had told him she could get along all right now, so he reported on the job. He was not feeling as well as he might be, he said, but the money was wanting in the house and dollars must be had.

**Needed the Money.**  
"Yes, we need money," said Nick to his friend on the job, Pat Kearney, as he sat with his shovel and bent to his task. Nick worked just two and a half hours—that is the time credited to him on the time-keeper's book.

"My heart is attacking me, Pat," said Nick, rising to an upright position with difficulty. Then he grew pale. "If anything happens to me tell the missus that."

The man sank to the dirt heap he had piled up and died, a victim of exhaustion and heart disease.

McDermott's emaciated body was taken to the Fifty-first street station and a policeman was sent to the tenement to tell the wife. He told her that her husband was at the station-house, badly hurt. When she went to the station and faced the sergeant with dry eyes he had to tell her. She screamed and dropped to the floor in a dead faint.

When a reporter for The Evening World climbed the three flights of stairs to the stuffy little rooms at the rear, he found Mrs. McDermott sobbing her heart out, with one of the babies in her arms and the others nestling at her side for warmth. There was no fire in the stove, there was nothing to eat on the table or in the cupboard. The children were crying for food.

Mrs. McDermott choked back her sobs and told the pitiful story of the fight against poverty that they had been waging all the long winter. They had been married long ago, nearly twenty years, and she was only sixteen then. They had been happy, very happy. Then had come bad luck. All this winter he had been trying to get work. He smoked because, he said, he didn't eat so much then. They had very little to eat and the children suffered most of all.

They had no fire and it was very cold in the house. The babies had few clothes. They were the only Americans in the house, all the rest being Italians.

Then the rent began to pile up. They owed for three weeks and were served with a dispossession notice. The judge gave them a few days' grace, but they must get out by Monday or be thrown into the street. There was no choice. The little woman suddenly broke into another torrent of weeping. Little Nicholas, the baby, stirred in his hungry dreams and began to wail. The other two children crept closer to the mother.

They were no stockings and their little feet were red and blue with cold. Little Billie caught up a portion of his kit and tried to comfort it around his sister. It was evidently an old game to the toddlers, this trick of

MRS. M'DERMOTT AND TWO CHILDREN, WHO WERE STARVING.

(Photograph Taken To-Day by an Evening World Staff Artist.)



### GAVE 'BOOZE' MONEY TO AID M'DERMOTT.

As a reporter of The Evening World was telephoning the story of the misery in the McDermott home a hawk-faced young man, with a cigarette, who had been listening, walked up and thrust a handful of change into the reporter's hand.

"Give it to de gal," he said; "it's a last bit, but it will do some good den buyin' booze."

The reporter took the change, which amounted to \$1, to the woman, and she kissed his hand.

fighting cold. The woman controlled herself with an effort. "What is the use," she sobbed, "we have been fighting, fighting, fighting until my strength is gone. What shall I do—what shall I do?" and she broke into a fit of coughing that racked her thin body like a delicate leaf.

We have had nothing to eat to-day. There is nothing in the house, there is no food. I have prayed that I ask myself if there is any God who will help me for such as us. I got a little to eat and a bit of wood to cook it with. Where is the next coming from? What shall we do, what shall we do? I thought we could get out of all the trouble, but now Nick—"

Mrs. McDermott buried her face in her hands, choking in the abandon of her grief. The cold settled heavily in the air, the stove loomed dully, little Nicholas began to wail again.

### HOW RELIEF FROM MISERY WAS TAKEN TO M'DERMOTT'S.

BY ALICE ROHE.

As soon as The Evening World through a reporter heard of the pitiable plight of the McDermott family, I was sent into the cheerless home with fund to relieve the frail, heartbroken wife and shivering, sad-faced children.

At a rear window, whose light gave the only faint cheer into the room, sat the weeping figure clad in borrowed black, with her two babies huddled in her arms.

No fire blazed in the stove, for there was no stove.

"I've taken the stove down because it did no good," said Mrs. McDermott; "we had no coal and I wanted to make room for Nick's body, if they brought him home."

On the table was a small crust of bread which Annie, the three-year-old child, had been eating when the dreadful news came that father was dead.

It was a case for immediate relief. Help had arrived none too soon. With the money sent by The Evening World, milk and wholesome food from the nearby bakery were soon provided for the children, who ate ravenously. The weeping woman—too ill and grief stricken to want food—was induced to take a little broth.

Mrs. McDermott was absolutely destitute of clothing. She did not have a single garment fit to wear upon the street until purchased with the money The Evening World placed in her hands. The children were in a worse condition. Little dresses for the children and neat clothes for the mother were soon provided.

### MOCK DUCK IN JAIL, HIS WIFE IS ABDUCTED

Lured from the City, Say  
Mock's Friends; Eloped,  
Declare Enemies.

Hard days have fallen upon Mock Duck, the smooth-faced, hard-eyed, handsome young Chinaman credited with promoting the bloody feud in Chinatown between the Hip Sing Tong and the On Leong Tong. Not only is Mock Duck locked up in the Tombs, but he has lost his pretty wife, Lulu Yow, whom he brought to New York from China three years ago.

Lulu Yow was found in a house in Federal street, Providence, to-day by three of Mock Duck's relatives from this city, with the aid of Providence detectives. She was with a bold, bad Chinese gambler, known in Chinatown as Ching Gow. He gave the name of Charlie Sing in Providence, and introduced Lulu Yow as his wife.

Mock Duck's cousins say his wife was abducted last Monday by Ching Gow, who they say is a relative of Hui Gow, head of the Hip Sing Tong. The Gows assert that Lulu Yow tried of Mock Duck's frequent sojournings in jail and ran away with Ching Gow of her own free will. Mock Duck refuses to talk, but people who imagine that a Chinaman never gets mad ought to see him when the absence of his wife is mentioned.

**Pretty in Chinese Way.**

Lulu Yow is about twenty-five years pretty in a Chinese way and very dainty and coquettish. Although reared in China her feet were never bandaged, and she wears patent-leather shoes with French heels. She lived with Mock Duck in rooms at No. 12 Bowery, close to the headquarters of the Hip Sing Tong.

Up to the recent internment of the hatchet in Chinatown, following the internment of several dead members of the On Leong Tong, Mock Duck was the active commander of the Hip Sing Tong. When the peace agreement was signed Hui Gow, inspired by Chinese merchants, who regard Mock Duck as a constitutional disturber, forced him out of the society, with his side partner, Wong Gek.

Mock Duck and Wong Gek immediately started a new society, the Gun Gong Tong, but before he had a chance to instigate any hostilities he was arrested for offering a policeman \$50 to release a prisoner. He is awaiting trial on this charge in the Tombs under \$500 bail, and has been in custody since Feb. 17.

Accounts differ as to how Lulu Yow felt about the incarceration of her husband.

**Fied with Ching Gow.**

Mock Duck's relatives say that she grieved night and day and burned bales of prayers and offerings before her private joss. But the enemies of Mock Duck say she enjoyed herself in the custody of Ching Gow, whose skill in opium makes him at once the fear and admiration of the whole gang.

On Monday morning, according to the version of the cousins of Mock Duck, Ching Gow went to the rooms of Lulu Yow and told her Mock Duck had escaped and was waiting for her in Providence. Lulu Yow, not knowing Ching Gow was a cousin of her husband's enemy, went with him to Providence. The enemies of Mock Duck say she went willingly with Ching, knowing Mock was safe in jail. She was followed by Charlie Duck, Moore cousin, of No. 12 Pell street; Chin Wing, of No. 1 Pell street, and Sun Sing, of No. 8 Pell street. They searched for Lulu Yow in Providence two days and two nights before they found her. Ching Gow escaped. Adversaries of Providence say the two will start back this evening with Lulu Yow.

## THIRD MARRIAGE CALLED OFF BY BIGAMY CHARGE

Frederick J. Schilling Is  
Arrested on Complaint  
of Alleged First Wife

Frederick J. Schilling's alleged winning ways and matrimonial habit landed him in a cell in the Morrisania Court to-day on a charge of bigamy. This was very lucky for Miss Sadie Johnson, of Hoboken, who was going to become Mrs. Schilling No. 3 this afternoon.

Mrs. Schilling No. 1, or Mrs. Frederick Williams-Schilling is said to have married her under that name—was in court to press a charge of bigamy. Mrs. Schilling No. 2 was at her home, at No. 105 East One Hundred and Sixth street, rocking the Schilling baby. She will appear against her husband when he is arraigned again, Magistrate Whitman having postponed the case until the clergymen who performed the two marriages can testify.

The prisoner is a suave young man of twenty-three. He says he is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and while wooing his wives told of many heroic adventures when he was fighting in the Philippines with Troop A.

**Mother Prostrated.**

Until three weeks ago he has lived off and on with his mother, Mrs. Mary Schilling, a wealthy widow, at No. 1242 Washington street. When she heard of his arrest to-day she fainted. She knew of the second marriage, and was prostrated at the news of the first and the interrupted third.

Mrs. Schilling No. 1, or Mrs. Williams, who went before Magistrate Whitman to-day, is large and handsome and twenty-nine years old. She was Miss Elizabeth Cramer, of No. 351 East Fifty-first street, when Schilling made her a bride in April, 1905. She was earning her own living at the time of the marriage.

Mrs. Schilling has formally announced his acceptance of the position of chief counsel to the Treadwell Investigation Committee, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mr. Choate took this action only after he had convinced himself that the work of the committee would be thorough.

Mr. Choate will take the place of the former attorney of the committee, D. Cadz Herrick; William G. Choate, brother of the former Ambassador, is now in charge of the investigation. Mr. Choate resigned with Stuyvesant Fish when he left the committee because of his conviction that the investigation was not genuine.

**DEATH LURKS IN SICK KIDNEYS**  
The kidneys are the weak link in the chain of vitality. They are the source of vitality to untold millions. Ninety men and women in every hundred after passing the age of forty have kidney trouble and don't know it, because it's only when the trouble reaches an advanced stage that it's recognized as kidney disease.

The kidneys carry off each day about two ounces or nine hundred grains of earthy matter, including from seven to fifteen grams of uric acid. When in Bright's disease the kidneys are disorganized, this solid or earthy matter is not wholly carried off, and this leads to Gout, Rheumatism, Uremic Poisoning, Convulsions and death.

**EXAMINE YOUR URINE**  
It's the fail-safe test of kidney trouble. If your morning urine, on standing still 24 hours, contains a sediment, is cloudy, or shows floating particles, your kidneys are in a diseased condition and possibly diseased.

There is only one remedy that can be used with absolute safety and confidence. Warner's Safe Cure, put up for years at Rochester, N. Y. It is a safe, reliable, and sold at all drug stores, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Warner's Safe Cure is used by leading physicians and in hospitals, as the one certain cure for all diseases of kidneys, liver, bladder and blood—the remedy that when all else fails, and leaves no bad after effects. Get a bottle to-day; it will save you years of suffering and possibly a life.

"He said to me," sobbed the young woman, "Mary, you are large and strong, and had better not give up your job. Some day when I feel stronger I will go to work. One day he backed up to our flat and vanished with all the furniture. We had only been married a few months, and he eloped with the unfortunate young girl whom he made his second wife."

Schilling is accused of having used the furniture of his first flat to equip the apartment he engaged for the young girl he made Mrs. Schilling No. 2. She was Lena Burkhardt and is only nineteen years old.

**Then He Went Away.**  
Her happy married life was very brief. Several weeks ago Schilling vanished from her life. He went to board with a Mrs. Emma Sutton, at No. 651 East One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, who was in court to-day. It was from Mrs. Sutton that the Court learned of the young man's third romance in Hoboken and his intended marriage to Miss Johnson to-day.

"He told me last night," said Mrs. Sutton, "that this would be the happiest day of his life, as he intended to get married. He was sprucing himself up when the policeman came and arrested him."

It was quite by accident that Schilling's two wives learned of his alleged duplicity. No. 2 was calling on No. 1, when she noticed a photograph of her husband. Then she began the investigation and together applied for a warrant for his arrest. He was held in \$2,000 bail for further examination. He seemed very cheerful and declared that he had never married Mrs. Schilling No. 1. He admitted the second marriage, but denied a contemplated third.

## BOYCOTT

There is a line of boycott on The Square Deal magazine because it publishes facts about Labor Union and other trusts.

If your news-stand does not supply The Square Deal you may know how they are trying to suppress it. Transfer your business to the newsdealer American enough to furnish what the people demand without regard to the orders of the labor trust not to sell it.

## HAMILTON MAY BE OF SERVICE TO THE LOBBY

One Reason for Return  
from Europe Is Need  
at Albany.

HAS WHIPLASH IN HAND.

"Vote to Order or I'll Tell  
Names," Balance of Power  
for the "Judge."

John G. Milburn, chief counsel of the Fowler Investigating Committee of the New York Life Insurance Company, will return to this city to-day to attend a meeting of the committee to decide on a course regarding the return of Judge "Andy" Hamilton, alias H. A. Milton. It is the present purpose of the committee to ask Hamilton to make an exhaustive statement of his disbursements of New York Life money.

It is now believed that Hamilton will try to escape giving names of his legislative friends who accepted money for various services rendered, but the Fowler committee may compromise with him by agreeing to conceal any names used by him in the statement.

A rumor is credited that Hamilton's return was hastened by word from the insurance lobby that they needed him at the capital to help defeat some of the recommendations of the Armstrong Committee. Hamilton, with the whiplash of "Vote as I say or I'll give you your names," is considered a possible valuable asset to his old employers.

John C. McCall was present at a meeting of New York Life trustees to consider the return of Hamilton to the legislative hearing at Albany to-day. McCall was the one officer of the company who had seen Hamilton since his return.

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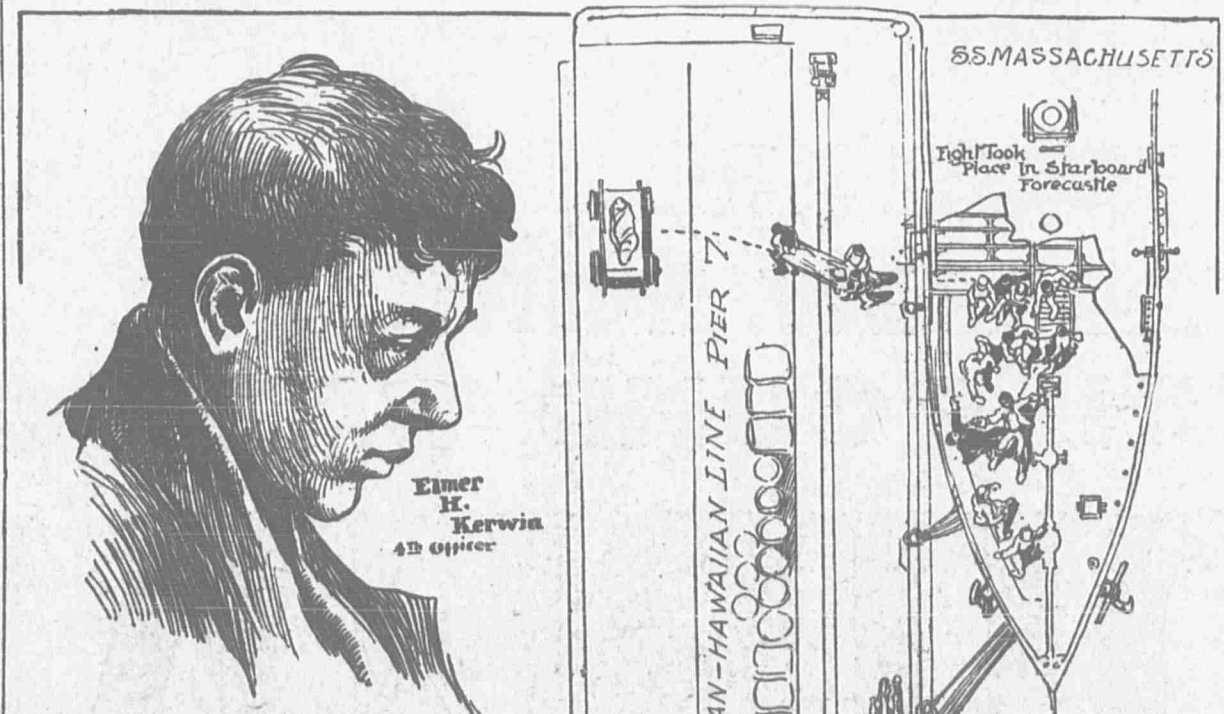
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### OFFICER WHO KILLED SAILOR AND DIAGRAM OF THE FIGHT



### BROWNING TELLS OF BUCKING AUTO

Says in Court Brokaw Mis-  
represented Machine that  
Leaped Park Wall.

The automobile that won fame by jumping over a Central Park wall was the subject of a law suit put on trial before Justice Gleason and a jury this afternoon in the Supreme Court.

Irving Brokaw, of No. 9 West Seventy-fifth street, son of Edward W. Brokaw, the aged and blind ex-soldier, who now has a real estate business at No. 13 Broadway.

Brokaw and the machine "old number" or "white" just long enough to make Browning fighting mad, and then he sued Irving Brokaw for the price he paid for the cankerous car, \$5,000 and \$1,000 besides, claiming that Brokaw told him it originally cost \$3,500, and that he was giving his old friend a rare bargain "partly because he had got tired of the machine and partly because he needed the money, having lost heavily on the races."

Browning said that Brokaw told him it was a sixty horse-power, improved gasoline machine, in perfect condition, when, in fact, it was only thirty-three horse-power, had one cracked cylinder, would run a mile like mad and then collapse, leaving him and his friends to walk the rest of the way, while the ma-

chine was hauled away to the repair shop.

"On one occasion I was out all night trying to run that machine in shape to get home again," Mr. Browning testified. Mr. Brokaw denied any misrepresentation of the machine, and said all of Mr. Browning's trouble with it to his experience. He said that he loaned the machine to Browning so that he might test it before purchasing.

**BALTIMO SPOKEN COMING IN.**  
STASCONSET, Mass., March 8.—The White Star liner Baltic, from Liverpool for New York, was in communication by wireless telegraph with the station here, which is 13 miles east of Nantuxet lightship at 4 A. M. to-day. The steamer will probably touch here about 1:30 A. M. tomorrow.

### ASKED INTENTIONS WITH BLOW ON EYE

Brother Was Anxious Because  
Suitor Didn't Know Which  
of Three He Loved.

Because he can't make up his mind which one of the three fascinating Minico sisters—Dominico, Concetta or Annunziata—he loves best, poor little Dominick Pledotti came to Yorkville Police Court to-day with a bruise on his eye where it should be blonde, and a tale of abounding woe. Here is how the tale runs:

Dominick does bell-hopping at the Hotel Manhattan by day and of an evening he pines on a waistcoat of chaste red, purple and Paris green; pins in his shirt an alum gem guaranteed to stand the squint-finger test without shrinking; ducks on a pair of gaiters like Markie the Lawyer wears in "Uncle Tom," and then away he goes to the Minico domicile at No. 324 East Thirty-fourth street to woo one of the three sisters—it doesn't make any difference which one.

He had been in love with the family, so to speak, ever since he came from Italy on the sung ship with the three girls and their brother, Onofrio, four years ago. Meanwhile he has been going to Sinkeraville every week with his spare cash until now he has a tidy account in a savings bank in Forty-second street.

Last night according to the lovers' (three-ty) Dominick, the brother, hit him and dented his face and closed one eye for him. When he came before Magistrate Barlow as the complainant against the violent Onofrio he had something on his forehead, which looked like a real eggplant, just ripe for a purple maturity. His counsel offered to prove that the prisoner had hatched a deep plot to ruin the suitor's eye and get all his savings.

Dominick explained that he has had lost patience with Dominick because of Dominick's sluggishness in making up his mind which one of the sisters he would marry, and in an effort to help him out of the dilemma, had poked him in the eye. This, he admitted, might have been impulsive, perhaps, even an all-around act, but he pleaded extenuation, his good intentions and his brotherly desire to have the thing settled.

The Magistrate granted an adjournment until to-morrow afternoon on condition that Minico has all three of the sisters in court. There is a suspicion that Magistrate Barlow is going to make them draw straws to see which one gets their mutual notice.

Maybe you don't like beef extract; maybe you have tried the wrong kind. You will change your way-of-thinking if you try one jar of

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Extract of Beef**

Different?—Well! Ask your druggist or grocer.

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